BELINDA'S INTERVENTION

By A. M. Davies Orden

Miss Belinda Tremayne, actat, ceren and one half years, regarded her new treasure with a slow, contemplative gaze. A brief past, checkered by the speedy demise of various cherished chickens, goldfish and birds, had rendered her somewhat skeptical as to the value of birds, but this puppy looked encouragingly healthy.

"I expect you might live as long as ten years," she speculated, "and by then I shall probably be married and not miss you if anything did happen." At which satisfactory conclusion she vielded to her surging affection and hugged the puppy close, an attention which he returned by a series of damp kisses from a small red tongue.

But there was still Aunt Lillian to be reckoned with. Aunt Lillian did not like dogs. In fact, Belinda was not sure that she had discovered what aunt Lillian did like, and Miss Ferrars herself was beginning to have doubts on the subject. When her sister's health had necessitated a sudden trip to Europe Miss Ferrars had eagerly offered to take charge of Belinda. The results had been startling. Miss thusiasm, set herself to the task of inculcating the precepts of wisdom into the youthful mind, but Belinda, placid, unmoved, pursued an unimpressed course. Miss Ferrars sighed, She had imagined children as clean faced, curly haired infants with gentle, obedient ways. Belinda was rarely clean; no ginourt of twisting could persuade a curl into those unruly locks. Miss sibility. She admitted to herself that she did not in the least understand the child, but she loved her, which helped a lot, even if Miss Ferrars did not

Now, duintily fresh and sweet in the | drowsy eye. Then her eyes met Belinda's

"It's my new puppy," exclaimed Belinda. "I love him a lot, and he loves me. He will love you, too," she added generously. Miss Ferrars hesitated. "But, Felinda"- Belinda's lip began to tremble; a misty film crept over her eyes. Miss Ferrars' heart softened. "Well," she relented, "If he is kept in the stable, perhaps - Why, Belinda"-struck by a new thought-"where

did you get him?" Belinda waved a vague arm. "Over there," she observed importantly. "A man gave him to me. He said his name was Frank, so that's the puppy's

"What!" cried Miss Ferrars. She had flushed a deep, lovely pink; then the color had faded. Frank! He was back, then. With a quick movement she pushed the puppy from her lap. How had he dared speak to the child? Of course she must not allow Belinda to keep his dog. Yet, to break her word-a thing against all her theories of upbringing! A troubled frown puck-

"You may keep the puppy," she declared rejuctantly, "but he must not come near the house. Do you under-

And Belinda nodded a blissful "Yes." From that day the two were inseparable. If Miss Ferrars had hoped that Belinda might grow tired of her acquisition, the hope faded. Wherever the chubby little legs wandered, close behind s umbled the faithful puppy. It soon became impossible to enforce the stable order; Belinda insisted upon the constant companionship of her

Miss Ferrars grew restless. The pretty soft plak of her cheeks began home? Did he mean to stay? This possibility of running across him made her nervous. She fell into the habit of taking long walks in the country, lingering along the shady woodland paths. She wished to be out if he called, she

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But he did not call, and Miss Ferrars' eyes began to have a tired, unhappy look. If only he would go away. And this constant hearing of his name, Fwank, Fwank, Fwank," all day long Miss Ferrars felt sometimes as if she

Belinda, vaguely conscious of somehildish, wistful anxiety. Did auntie really not like Frank? She said she did not but once Belinda had come pon her patting the rough little back ind Belinda had seen that there were ars, really tears, in auntie's eyes. inda was sorely puzzled. She longed or some one with whom she could consult. But mamma was away off cross the ocean, and Frank, though striving his best to console, was no Beinda gasped under the force of a daring inspiration.

If she could find that nice young man who had given her Frank-if she could alk things over with him! The memmy of the merry blue eyes, the kindly still dwelt in the child's grateful art, though since that day she fortidden to go near the consequently had seen him He could not live very far And he would help, she felt. To think with Belinda, was to but. A moment later she was tramping from the long avenue to the gute. She

rould find him of at the house Miss Ferrars wait-Where could Belinda be? The

Pursues grow startings if the cut the beliefe to be less for thesis. Statily calching up a lace ecset the girl borried toward the gate, some in-

stines warning her whither the little treams had fied. On the path just across the road key a crumpled, much solled handkerchief. With quickening bears beats Miss Burrars ran down the path. Had Belinda gone all alone into the woods? A little sob forced its way out Belinda, oh, Belinda!

Round the turn in the path came the sound of a clear, mellow whistle, followed by a tall, straight limbed young fellow, at the sight of whom Miss Ferrars felt for an instant as if all the blood in her body had rushed to her heart. Then all at once a strange feelguaranteed. Morses called for and brought ing of security, of content, seemed to envelop her. He was there; he would home with care make everything all right. The young man came hastily forward.

formally, "Miss Ferrars." Miss Ferrars held out two appealing little hands. "Belinda," she gasped. "Belinda

"Lost?" echoed Halstead, puzzled. "Oh, the little girl, you mean. She can't be very far away," consolingly. FITES and

'Come along; we'll find her?" But as they hastened down the path Halstead was not thinking of the child. A sudden glad tide of exultation was racing through his veins. She had spoken to him. She had turned to him for help. He was not utterly beyond forgiveness then. How white Lillian looked! Was it all distress over the loss of Belinda? Or could it be that she, too, regretted that quarrel-that useless, senseless quarrel? He stopped. "Lilian," he began eagerly, but the girl held up a warning finger.

There was a faint yap in the bushes, a subdued bark. Halstead plunged in-Ferrars legan to wonder whether she had been wise to assume this responsibility. She admitted to herself that shoulder, while Frank tretted close warm, sleepy Belinda, high on his shoulder, while Frank trotted close behind. Miss Ferrars sprang forward "Oh, Belinda, dear, how could you run off and frighten poor suntile so?"

she asked tenderly. Belinds opened a crispest of white muslins, Miss Ferrars sat on the wide, cool veranda, embroid-ering some pretty triffe. The sudden and I got so tired. I wanted to ask apparition of a shaggy, panting puppy him why you gried when you patted her lap caused her to emit a little Fwank," she went on earnestly. "Don't you ready like Fwank? I-I didn't like to ank that you didn't weally like him just a little bit"-wistfully.

> "Don't you, auntie?" "Don't you?" repeated the man, and his tone sounded queer and unsteady. "Can't you? For-for he cares so much

Miss Ferrars, a great shy happiness dawning in her eyes, bent over Be-"Indeed, I-I do like Frank," she con-

fessed. "I-I always have, though I-I didn't know it. I-I care very much Belinda, with a satisfied sigh, snuggled down on the broad shoulder. "I knew if I could only fluid my man

it would be all right," she murmured contentedly. "Ask him to take us home auntie." And Miss Ferrars obediently com

Real Mean of Bill. "h wonldn't have thought it of him, sir," said the old sailor—"him that had sailed shipmates with me for years. His name it were Bill Withers, and we ocean together in one of the quarter boats. There came a day when the water and food gave out, and I says

"Bill, we can go about three days on nothing, and then I shall have to eat "'All right, old ship,' says be, and there was nothing more to be said about it. Four days passed, and then

"'Stand up and see if there's a sail " 'Nary a sail,' says he, after looking

"'All right, did ship, but let me tell you that I have just taken a big dose

"And was it so?" was asked of Bill's

"It was so, sir, and what does Bill do but swell up and die and fall overboard and leave me to go on suffering for four days more before a bark sighted and picked me up. Would you have believed there was as mean a man in all this world?"-Détroit Tribune.

"Shooting the Moon." It is curious to remark how different selves in the presence of identical emergencies. When an Irishman, for example, finds that he cannot pay his homestead all the same and when an organized effort is made to turn him domicile and throws hives of bees at the invaders. When an Englishman ands himself in a similar predicament he breeks the law by stealth-that is to say, he moves his furniture secretly, by midnight, to spother ledging and leaves no address behind him. And, as all the world knows, "shooting the moon" if the technical term for this petarious performance. If one were asked by a stranger how the poor live in outcast London one would have to answer that it is largely "by shooting the moon" that a great many of them are enabled to eke out a precarious subsistence.-London Graphic.

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